

The Fading White

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Summary

Satsuki knows very well her relationship with Ryuuko is not that sisterly.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The Fading White

Ab imo pectore.

From the bottom of my heart.

[Attributed to] Julius Caesar

At the grocery store, they are just sisters; Ryuuko is a high school graduate in her jeans and jacket, and she has a simple smile and her eyes are blue and radiant, and all is good and normal,

though Ryuuko's stolen glances at Satsuki's large breasts, the way her gaze seemed to linger on the outline of her lips, and that second too long she spent hugging her back told another story, one made of feverish dreams in the morning, when the jaguar sun yawns, and everything, under the sheets and in that space, that wonderful space between the lace panties and Satsuki's humid folds, fleshy leaves of some exotic plant, is full of dew, delicious dew that tasted like salt and lips and kisses always too cold to thaw by day, existing only in the comforting darkness of night, punctuated by a moan or two, or ten,

and they share a milkshake and Ryuko laughs and all is good and normal,

though to Satsuki she laughed for an entire day, the way her mouth opened up and closed down, time and time again, every moment she cherished, with a grace and a joy that made her feel light, and alight, and alive, and that laughter was for her too, because Ryuuko was laughing when Satsuki said something,

and Ryuuko takes a silly picture with Mankashoku, and it's just like they are all having a simple hour of fun and all is good and normal,

though Satsuki knew Ryuuko wanted to take many more pictures with her sister, so many to fill up an entire album, maybe three, of just the two of them, her and the person she had been waiting for all her life, this person that was like getting her sight back after thirteen years of darkness, and she knew the light was outside, but her eyelids were sewn shut, and all she could see from the inside of her own eyes were odd constellations and starbursts made out of capillaries and blood vessels, red and ever-changing, always just barely out of reach, with the light outside that could only travel that much and that far, and with that little strength, the light that now she was holding in her hands, the light with blue eyes and an odd streak of red in her hair, the light that saved her and made her complete,

and it's now time for the two of them to take a silly picture, and Satsuki smiles, and Ryuuko smiles and they are close, and all is good and normal,

though Satsuki knew that the way Ryuuko held her hand was no sisterly bonding, the way she felt her thumb play circlets over her skin, because that's how Ryuuko is, playful and a bit mischievous, and she wouldn't have it another way, not for the world, because that's the way she should be, and Satsuki would have never changed it, no, not her sun and stars, no, not those little things Ryuuko couldn't refrain herself from doing even in public, like brushing with her thumb against her hand, or wink a bit too much, or let her fingers on her thigh and slowly, oh-so-slowly push them back, towards the centre of her world, as it burned and throbbed and it made her pant and gasp, crazy for a single touch from her, mad for a single smile,

and after the photo Mankashoku wanted to take a stroll outside, and they go out and all is good and normal,

though Ryuuko put herself just a step before Satsuki and she was taking extra effort to make her hips and butt shake just a little too much, just that much to keep Satsuki's heat roaring, to keep that dull ringing between her ears, because she wished for nothing more than being

taken from behind by her long-lost sister, and moan into her ear sweet words of surrender, and tell her she'd never leave her again; Satsuki knew because Ryuuko from time to time let her shapely, firm, buttocks brush against Satsuki's pelvis while they surfed the crowd, always with a smile and a little word of excuse, always with a glint in her blue eyes, a beckoning light that pulled Satsuki in, and in, and in, into a vortex of sweat and warmth that swirled faster and faster and faster,

and then they want to try on new clothes and at first Mako goes, and Ryuuko's happy, and then Satsuki goes in, and when she comes out Ryuuko and Mako are struck and blushing and that's just all right because she's her sister and all is good and normal,

though Satsuki could feel her heartbeats slow down, her blood rumble between her temples and thighs at the sight of Ryuuko who was struck by her beauty, by her breasts, by her legs, and she knew that Ryuuko felt the same raging heat in her loins, that she too must have chased her lust away with gentle strokes in the morning, in the evening, in the night, and she too must have took urgent bathroom breaks, eyes closed and hands that buzzed against her meat core, behind those eyes now some perfect image of her sister, when she smiled for the new bike, or when she looked up into the sky, or when she got mad at the queue, or when she changed, all of it so perfect, so Ryuuko, so much that Satsuki felt the pressure break and she had to, had to, had to thrash and try not to moan and shudder in those few uncomfortable postures that bathrooms concede, against the cold porcelain wall, in and out, in and out, in and out, faster faster; before Ryuuko knocked on the door, worried, faster faster, dawn approaches, here comes the dawn, here comes the dawn, for a little while putting her urges to sleep, for a very brief time, the orgasm of a thief,

and they bought a shirt or two, and it's the three of them always the three of them running around like little hamsters on a wheel made of streets and people and shops and – they stop and get a coffee, Ryuuko sits next to her - stupid futile childish things and it's good all its good and good and normal is good and all is good and normal,

though Satsuki had to take one of those bathroom breaks while they were at the bar, not that it was her fault or anything, but it was just the way Ryuuko kept on cleaning out the spoon with her tongue, the inner and outer surface, and with those lips that smacked and smiled and that tongue that twisted and those eyes that never left Satsuki's face, a silent promise of waking up one day under the jaguar sun and between the gentle rays filtering through the white curtain, in a halo of gold wake up with entwined fingers and the taste of her sister's lips, upper and lower, still on her mouth, and seeing her still asleep because Ryuuko was a bit lazy, and Satsuki didn't love her less for that, that was not important, it gave her more time to gaze upon her naked, naked body after they made love all night, and after Ryuuko proffered her love for her, time and time again, with a kiss and a sigh, again and again, and Satsuki wanted to hear it again and again because she lived by those words now, and no, not another

baleful morning of waking up alone, and cold, and thrashing her legs under the sheet as she clawed at the empty space next to her, looking for something that wasn't there, no, no, Satsuki had to focus, had to focus because right now she only needed to think about those words, those words Ryuuko said and whispered all night while she nipped at her ear, screamed and yelled all night while she was pleased, about those words, just a couple, just a few, those words that made out Satsuki's whole outline, right now, right then, as the dawn broke again between her clenched legs, and she yelped and she had to stifle that rolling moan out of of her mouth biting her finger, and when she came out of the bathroom she had to wash the finger under cold water,

and they feel so good right now, so peaceful, so satisfied, just to stay together, enjoy things together, laugh together, like a family, like they should do – and Satsuki's left finger is wrapped in paper – and in a while they are going to go home, and all is good and normal,

though Satsuki just felt like the treacherous hours run too fast, leaving her little time to enjoy Ryuuko's little games of teasing, like when they were sitting in a park and she went up to her and placed her hand right upon Satsuki's lap, still, just to have her feel the slow beat of her blood and heart through that little barrier of satin, that useless barrier of white cloth that Ryuuko wanted gone, that was what that hand was telling her, asking of her, demanding of her, just to let the two of them be, right there, on the park, on the grass, just Ryuuko and Satsuki, whispering gentle words and biting down phrases as their bodies entwined, forgetful of the world,

and Mako leaves the two of them, because Ryuuko wants to share one last moment with her sister, alone, and she smiles, and she's happy and she thanks Satsuki for everything, and Satsuki also smiled and is happy and thanks Ryuuko for everything, and everything and everything, and all is good and normal,

though what she was really feeling was the promise of a true night together, maybe next time, always next time, forever next time, but getting there, because Ryuuko always followed all of her clues, she was a smart girl, a very pretty young smart girl, and she always came through, just when those times when they used to fight half naked and Satsuki was stupefied by the way Ryuuko's gaze touched her legs, her buttocks, her breasts, her lips, stupefied and a bit turned on, or maybe more than a bit given how long she screamed her name and creamed her sheets into those long night all alone in her ivory tower, desperate for somebody to trash it down, into her steel skyscraper made of resolve that a damned kid with a red streak in her hair was tearing down bit by bit and - so - be - it - if that meant that Satsuki could finally be held by hands lusting after herself, not her value or usefulness or body, and when she gave those little, subtle hints that she was interested, definitely interested in that little delinquent, the black-clad girl picked them up and gobbled them up, one after then next, ravenous, and it turned into a little tug-of-war for the two of them, pushing and pulling, a smile here, a hungry

gaze there, a touch, a smirk, and it turned, little by little into something more serious, more deep, when Satsuki left Senketsu's last piece into Ryuuko's hands and she covered her with a blanket, and she wanted her to come and get her, to come to the end of the world and get her, and take her, push her on the grass and have her, and she was going to do that and Ryuuko wished to do that, and even after mother took her away from her Satsuki took her back, and Ryuuko kept on blushing when she was around Satsuki and when Satsuki told her she had her blood running through her veins and that was enough she wanted to make it clear, and she believed she made it clear, it was clear and it was a promise, it was a promise, honest it was a promise a promise a promise

and Ryuuko drives Mankanshoku back home on her bicycle, and she turns maybe once or twice to wave at Satsuki, and Satsuki waves back with a big smile, and they disappear behind a corner and Satsuki keeps on waving for a very long time, and it's stupid and senseless and people are watching, and who cares, all is good and normal,

though when Satsuki went home it was to an empty home and empty kitchen and a bedroom filled only with air, not light, not warmth, and she took her clothes off quickly, and she went to bed, and she struggled for a while but before she could push her brain to say no her fingers curled into claws, and she shivered and thrashed under the skin of her sheets, alone, alone, into the white that into the dark was black, fading, fading into the cold and loneliness and she felt her hands tugging at the sides of her hair, tugging, tugging, like she wanted to tear her skin apart and see what was beneath, sinews and flesh and bones and shared blood, blood for which Ryuuko's heart must now pump too, and if only she could see what was it that made her heart jump whenever she heard Ryuuko's voice, what was it that made her feel alone whenever Ryuuko's hands didn't touch her shoulder, or her smile didn't scald her freezing limbs, so that she could take it and toss it away, away into deep dark waters, to never see it again, so that she didn't wonder anymore how Ryuuko stole the sun, and Satsuki, who froze, along her gaze had to thaw, and why, why she didn't keep her promise why since she learned Satsuki was her sister she only treated her like a sister proper, and what was of that promise, she promised she promised, she promised to take Satsuki and have her on the grass, and even if Satsuki tried to pass through the night at the mere glow of her hand grazing against her core, like an old match that broke up into sparks when scratched but flames produces no more, and she got tired and she she tried to stop and brew herself up a cup of tea and the cup passed through her fingers like they were made of air and it screams as it shatters and Satsuki is barefoot in the kitchen and she runs into the bathroom and she looks at herself in the mirror and her eyes are hollow and she is all alone all alone all alone and cold and a moment later there's a shower of broken reflections and the mirror screams too and Satsuki's hands explode in blood and tears and she is all alone and she walks on the broken trail of thorns towards the bed and she wraps herself up into a cocoon of white sheets and they are black and they are red where the blood spills and it's good and it doesn't matter because it doesn't hurt anymore and you promised your promised you promised and I can't say it, I love you, I love you so, I love you I need you, and I am nothing if you are not with me, I can never say it, I can only claw behind the shutter door of my life, as the snow falls and covers it up into its dull mantle, so that I get hidden beneath it, little by little, and all is

white, up and down, and right and left, and there's wheres to go no more, no more space, no more time, and all is white, and all is one, and all is good.

And normal.

End Notes

I think I earned a prize for the longest sentence in this fandom,. This came out in a rare moment of clarity, following a failed test, so my mood was fairly sour, and one thing led to another. I like to think Satsuki led my way. It was a very interesting experiment, writing in present tense - which is something I avoid like Ragyo - and what's more having it as one single line, with no pauses, no full stops, until the end: it was very interesting trying to follow the rhythm of the words, so that words didn't cram up with each other like pickels in a jar. I am also overly fond of a few expressions here: 'into the white that into dark was black' is my favourite one. It has a nice visual progression towards complete loss of sight that I think it strongly resembles Satsuki's own sensations. It's always fun to write in first person, and it's always fun to write Satsuki.

This was, all in all, quite the sad story. I think, and hope, that in the future Satsuki might have a nicer story to tell. It's more up to them than to me, though. I hope they will deliver.

See ya next time.

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